

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story
of the Mexican
Revolution

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"The Fighting Fool"
"The Tactician," Etc.
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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooked and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna near where the mine, known as the Eagle Tail, is located. They engage the services of Cruz Mendez, who has been friendly to Kruger, to acquire the title for them, and get a permit to do preliminary work. Aragon protests and accuses them of jumping his claim. Bud discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendez from perfecting a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Aragon's daughter, Gracia, decides to turn Mexican and get the title in his own name. Bud objects to his attention to Gracia. Aragon falls in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"It is the desire of the Yaquis," he said, when rebuked for serving under the hated flag of Mexico, "to kill Mexicans. And," he added grimly, "the federals at this time seem best able to give us guns for that purpose."

But it had been a year now since Bule had passed his word and, though they had battled valiantly, their land had not been given back to them. The wild Yaquis, the irreconcilables who never came down from the hills, had gone on the warpath again, but Bule and his men still served.

Only in two things did they disobey their officers—they would not stack their arms, and they would not retreat while there were still more Mexicans to be killed. Otherwise they were very good soldiers.

But now, after the long campaign in Chihuahua and a winter of idleness at Agua Negra, they were marching south toward their native land and, in spite of the stern glances of their leaders, they burst forth in wild Yaqui songs which, if their words had been known, might easily have caused their Mexican officers some slight uneasiness.

It was, in fact, only a question of days, months, or years until the entire Yaqui contingent would desert, taking their arms and ammunition with them. "Gee, what a bunch of men!" exclaimed Bud, as he stood off and admired their stark forms.

"There's some genuine fighters for you," he observed to Phil; and a giant Yaqui, standing near, returned his praise with a smile.

"Wy, hello there, Amigo!" hailed Bud, jerking his head in a friendly salute. "That's a feller I was making signs to up in Agua Negra," he explained. "Dogged if I ain't stuck on these Yaquis—they're all men, believe me!"

"Good workers, all right," conceded De Lancey, "but I'd hate to have 'em get after me with those guns. They say they've killed a lot of Americans, one time and another."

"Well, if they did it was for being caught in bad company," said Hooker. "I'd take a chance with 'em any time—but if you go into their country with a Mexican escort they'll kill you on general principles. Say," he cried impulsively, "I'm going over to talk with Amigo!"

With a broad grin on his honest face he advanced toward the giant Yaqui and shook hands ceremoniously. "Where you go?" he inquired in Spanish, at the same time rolling a cigarette and asking by a sign for a match.

"Moctezuma," answered the Indian gravely. Then, as Bud offered him the makings, he, too, rolled a cigarette and they smoked for a minute in silence.

"You live here?" inquired the Yaqui at last.

"Come here," corrected Bud. "I have mine—ten miles—over there."

He pointed with the flat of his hand, Indian fashion, and Amigo nodded understandingly.

He was a fine figure of a man, standing six feet or better in his well-cut sandals and handling his heavy Mauser as a child would swing a stick. Across his broad chest he wore a full cartridge belt, and around his waist he had two more, filled to the last hole with cartridges and loaded clips. At his feet lay his blanket, bound into a tight roll, and a canteen and coffee cup completed his outfit, which, so far as impedimenta were concerned, was simplicity itself.

They stood and smoked for a few moments, talking briefly, and then, as the Yaquis closed up their ranks and marched off to make camp for the night, Bud presented his strange friend with the sack of tobacco and went back to join his partner.

That evening the plaza was filled with the wildest rumors, and another train arrived during the night, but through it all Bud and Phil remained unimpressed. In the morning the soldiers went marching off down the trail, leaving a dead silence where all had been bugle-calls and excitement, and then the first fugitive came in from down below.

He was an old Mexican, with trembling beard and staring eyes, and he told a tale of outrage that made their blood run cold. The red-faggers had come to his house at night; they had killed his wife and son, left him upon the ground for dead, and carried off his daughter, a prisoner.

But later, when the comisario questioned him sharply, it developed that he lived not far away, had no daughter to lose, and was, in fact, only a

crazed old man who told for truth that which he feared would happen.

Notwithstanding the denouement, his story stirred the Mexican population to the depths, and when Bud and Phil tried to hire men to push the work on the mine, they realized that their troubles had begun. Not only was it impossible to engage laborers at any price, but on the following day Cruz Mendez, with his wife and children and all his earthly possessions on his burros, came hurrying in from the camp and told them he could serve them no more.

"It is my woman!" he explained; "my Maria! Ah, if those revoltosos should see Maria they would steal her before my eyes!"

So he was given his pay and the fifty dollars he had earned and, after the customary "Muchas gracias," and with the faithful Maria by his side, he went hurrying off to the store.

And now in crowded vehicles, with armed men riding in front and behind, the refugees from Moctezuma and the hot country began to pour into town, adding by their very haste to the panic of all who saw them.

They were the rich property owners who, having been subjected to forced contribution before, were now feeling at the first rumor of danger, bringing their families with them to escape any being held for ransom.

In half a day the big hotel presided over by Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was swarming with staring-eyed country mothers and sternly subdued families of children; and finally, to add eclat to the occasion and compensate for the general confusion, Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios came driving up to the door with his wife and the smiling Gracia.

If she had been in any fear of capture by bold marauders, Gracia Aragon did not show it now, as she sprang lightly from the carriage and waited upon her lady mother. Perhaps, after a year or more of rumors and alarms, she had come to look upon impending revolutionary conflicts as convenient excuses for a trip to town, a long stop at the hotel, and even a dash to gay Gadsden in case the rebels pressed close.

However that may be, while Don Juan exerted himself to procure them a good room she endured the gaze of the American guests with becoming placidity and, as that took some time, she even ventured to look the Americans over and make some comments to her mother.

And then—or so it seemed to Bud—the mother glanced up quickly and fixed her eyes upon him. After that he was in less of a hurry to return to the mine, and Phil said they would stay inside for a week. But as for Don Cipriano, when he came across them in the crowded lobby he glared past them with malignant insolence and abruptly turned his back.

At La Fortuna he was the lord and master, with power to forbid them the place; but now once more the fortunes of war had turned against him, and he was forced to tolerate their presence.

The band playing in the plaza that evening, it being Thursday of the week, and as the cornet led with "La Paloma," and the bass viol and guitars beat the measure, all feet seemed to

turn in that direction, and the fear of the raiders was stilled.

Around and around the band stood and in and out beneath the trees the pleasure loving maidens from down below walked decorously with their mothers; and the little band of Fortuna Americans, to whom life for some months had been a trifle burdensome, awoke suddenly to the beauty of the evening.

And among the rest of the maidens, but far more ravishing and high-bred, walked Gracia Aragon, at whom Bud in particular stole many secret glances from beneath the broad brim of his hat, hoping that by some luck the incorrects would come upon the town, and he could defend her—he alone.

For he felt that he could do it against any hundred Mexicans that ever breathed.

CHAPTER XII.

In its inception the Fortuna hotel had not been intended for the use of Mexicans—in fact, its rates were practically prohibitive for anyone not being paid in gold—but, since most of the Americans had left, and seven dollars a day was no deterrent to the rich refugee land owners, it became of a sudden international, with a fine mixture of purse-proud Spaniards and race-proud American adventurers.

Not a very pleasing combination for

the parents of romantic damsels destined for some prearranged marriage of state, but very exciting for the damsels and most provocative to the Americans.

After the promenade in the plaza the mothers by common consent preempted the upstairs reception-room, gathering their precious charges in close; while the Americans, after their custom, foregathered in the lobby, convenient to the bar. Hot arguments about the revolution, and predictions of events to come served to pass the early evening, with many scornful glances at the Mexican damsels who went so insolently up the stairs. And then, as the refugees retired to their apartments and the spirit of adventure rose uppermost, Phil De Lancey made a dash out into the darkness and came back with a Mexican serenade, boys!" he announced, as the musicians filed sheepishly into the hotel. "Our guests, the fair señoritas, you know! We'll make those young Mexican dudes look like two spots before the war is over. Who's game now for a song beneath the windows? You know the old stand-bys—'La Paloma' and 'Teresta Mia'—and you want to listen to me sing 'Me Gustan Todas' to Gracia, the fairest of the fair! Come on, fellows, out in the plaza, and then listen to the old folks cuss!"

They adjourned then, after a drink for courage, to the moonlight and the plaza; and there, beneath the shuttered windows and vacant balconies, the guitars and violins took up "La Paloma," while Phil and a few brave spirits sang.

A silence followed their first attempt, as well as their second and third, and the comisario of police, a mild creature owned and paid by the company, came around and made a few ineffectual protests.

But inside the company's concession, where by common consent the militant rurales kept their hands off, the Americans knew they were safe, and they soon jollied the comisario into taking a drink and departing.

Then De Lancey took up the burden, and the string band, hired by the hour, strummed on as if for eternity.

One by one the windows opened; fretful fathers stepped out on the balcony and, bound by the custom and convention of the country, thanked them and bade them good night. But the two windows behind which the

Senor Aragon and his family reposed did not open and, though the dwindling band stood directly under their balcony, all knew that his daughter was the fairest of the fair, Don Cipriano did not wish them good night.

Perhaps he recognized the leading tenor—and the big voice of Bud Hooker, trying to still the riot—but, however it was, he would not speak to them, and De Lancey would not quit.

"Try 'em on American music!" he cried, as everyone but Bud went away in disgust, "the latest rag from Broadway, New York. Here, gimme that guitar, hombre, and listen to this now!"

He picked out a clever bit of syncopation and pitched his voice to a heady twang:

"Down in the garden where the red roses grow,
Oh my, I long to go!
Pluck me like a flower, cuddle me an hour,
Love let me learn the Red Rose Rag!"

There was some swing to that, and it seemed to make an impression, for just as he was well started on the chorus the slats of one of the shutters parted and a patch of white shone through the spaces. It was the ladies, then, who were getting interested! Phil walked on:

"Sweetest honey-bee, be sweet to me!
My heart is free, but here's the key!"
And then, positively, he could see that patch of white beat time. He took heart of grace at that and sang on to the end, and at a suggestion of clapping in dumb-show he gave an encore and ragged it over again.

"Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it!" he began, as the shadow dance ceased.

"Honey, I declare, it's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear!" he continued temptingly, and was well on his way to further extravaganzas when the figure in white swiftly vanished and a door slammed hard inside the house.

Several minutes later the form of Don Juan appeared at the lower door, and in no uncertain tones he requested them to cease.

"The Senor Aragon informs me," he said, "that your music annoys him."

"Well, let him come to the balcony and say his 'buenas noches,'" answered Phil resentfully.

"The gentleman refuses to do that!" responded Don Juan briefly.

"Then let him go to bed!" replied De Lancey, strumming a few syncopated chords; "I'm singing to his daughter."

At that Don Juan came down off the porch in his slippers and they engaged in a protracted argument.

"What, don't I get a word?" demanded Phil grievously, "not a pleasant look from anybody? 'Sweetest honey-bee, be sweet to me!' he pleaded, turning pathetically to the lady's balcony; and then, with a sudden flourish, a white handkerchief appeared through the crack of the shutters and Gracia waved him good night.

"Enough, Don Juan!" he cried, laying down the guitar with a thump; "this ends our evening's entertainment!"

After paying and thanking the stolid musicians Phil joined Bud and the pair adjourned to their room, where, in the intervals of undressing, Phil favored the occupants of the adjoining apartments with an aria from "Beautiful Doll."

But for all such nights of romance and music there is always a morning afterward; and a fine tenor voice set to ragtime never helped much in the development of a mine. Though Bud had remained loyally by his friend in his evening serenade he, for one, never forgot for a moment that they were in Fortuna to work the Eagle Tail and not to win the hearts of Spanish-Mexican señoritas, no matter how attractive they might be.

Bud was a practical man who, if he ever made love, would doubtless do it in a perfectly businesslike way, without hiring any string bands. But at the same time he was willing to make some concessions.

"Well, go ahead and get your sleep, then," he growled, after trying three

times in the morning to get his pardner up; "I'm going out to the mine!" Then, with a saddle-gun under his knee and his six-shooter hung at his hip, he rode rapidly down the road, turning out from time to time to let long cavalcades of mules string by. The dead-eyed arrieros, each with his combined mule-blind and whiplash swinging free, seemed to have very little on their minds but their pack-lashing, and yet they must be three days out from Moctezuma.

Their mules, too, were well loaded with the products of the hot country—fanegas of corn in red leather sacks, oranges and fruits in hand-made crates, panoches of sugar in balanced frames, long joints of sugar-cane for the dulce pedlers, and nothing to indicate either haste or flight.

Three times he let long pack-trains go by without a word, and then at last, overcome by curiosity, he inquired about the revoltosos.

"What revoltosos?" queried the old man to whom he spoke.

"Why, the men of Bernardo Bravo," answered Bud; "the men who are marching to take Moctezuma."

"When I left Moctezuma," returned the old man politely, "all was quiet—"



Gracia Waved Him Good-Night.

there were no revoltosos. Since then, I cannot say."

"But the soldiers!" cried Bud. "Surely you saw them! They were marching to fight the rebels."

"Perhaps so," shrugged the arriero, laying the lash of his topojo across the rump of a mule; "but I know nothing about it."

"No," muttered Bud, as he continued on his way; "and I'll bet nobody else does."

Inquiry showed that in this, too, he was correct. From those who traveled fast and from those who traveled slow he received the same wondering answer—the country might be filled with revoltosos; but, as for them, they knew nothing about it.

Not until he got back to Fortuna and the busy federal telegraph wire did he hear any more news of rapine and bloodshed, and the light which dawned upon him then was gradually dawning upon the whole town.

It was a false alarm, given out for purposes of state and the "higher politics" with which Mexico is cursed, and the most that was ever seen of Bernardo Bravo and his lawless men was twenty miserable creatures, half-starved, but with guns in their hands, who had come down out of the mountains east of Moctezuma and killed a few cows for beef.

Thoroughly disgusted, and yet vaguely alarmed at this bit of operabouffe warfare, Bud set himself resolutely to work to hunt up men for their mine, and, as many poor people were out of employment because of the general stagnation of business, he soon had ten Mexicans at his call.

Then, as Phil had dropped off of sight, he ordered supplies at the store and engaged Cruz Mendez—who had spent his fortune in three days—to pack the goods out on his mules.

They were ready to start the next morning if De Lancey could be found to order the powder and tools, and as the afternoon wore on and no Phil appeared, Bud went on a long hunt which finally discovered him in the balcony of their window, making signs in the language of the "bear," as a

man who flirted with a woman in Mexico is called.

"Say, Phil," he hailed, disregarding his partner's obvious preoccupation; "break away for a minute and tell me what kind of powder to get to break that schist—the store closes at five o'clock, and—"

He thrust his head out the door as he spoke and paused, abashed. Through the half-closed portal of the next balcony but one he beheld the golden hair of Gracia Aragon, and she fixed her brown eyes upon him with a dazzling, mischievous smile.

"O-ho!" murmured Bud, laying a compelling hand on De Lancey and backing swiftly out of range; "so this is what you're up to—talking signs! But say, Phil," he continued, beckoning him peremptorily with a jerk of his head, "I got ten men hired and a lot of grub bought, and if you don't pick out that mining stuff we're going to lose a day. So get the lady to excuse you and come on now."

"In a minute," pleaded Phil, and he went at the end of his allotted time, and perhaps it was the imp of jealousy that put strength into Hooker's arm.

"Well, that's all right," said Bud, as Phil began his laughing excuses; "but you want to remember the Maine, pardner—we didn't come down here to play the bear. When they're any loving-making to be done I want to be in on it. And you want to remember that promise you made me—you said you wouldn't have a thing to do with the Aragon outfit unless I was with you!"

"Why, you aren't—you aren't jealous, are you, Bud?"

"Yes, I'm jealous!" answered Hooker harshly; "jealous as the devil! And I want you to keep that promise, see?"

"Aw, Bud—" began De Lancey incredulously; but Hooker silenced him with a look. Perhaps he was really jealous, or perhaps he only said so to have his way, but Phil saw that he was in earnest, and he went quietly by his side.

But love had set his brain in a whirl, and he thought no more of his promise—only of some subtle way of meeting his inamorata, some way which Bud would fail to see.

CHAPTER XIII.

For sixty days and more, while the weather had been turning from cold to warm and they had been laboring feebly to clear away the great slide of loose rock that covered up the ledge, the Eagle Tail mine had remained a mystery.

Whether, like the old Eagle Tail of frontier fame, it was so rich that only the eagle's head was needed to turn the chunks into twenty-dollar gold pieces; or whether, like many other frontier mines, it was nothing but a hole in the ground, was a matter still to be settled. And Bud, for one, was determined to settle it quickly.

"Come on," he said, as Phil hesitated to open up the way to the lead; "we got a month, maybe less, to get to the bottom of this; and then the hills will be lousy with rebels. If they're nothing here, we want to find out about it quick and skip—and if we strike it, by grab, they ain't enough red-faggers in Sonora to pry me loose from it. So show these hombres where to work and we'll be up against rock by the end of the week."

The original Eagle Tail tunnel had been driven into the side of a steep hill; so steep, in fact, that the loose shale stretched in long shoots from the base of the frowning porphyry dikes that crowned the tops of the hills to the bottom of the canyon. On either side of the discovery gulch sharp ridges, perforated by the gopher-holes of the Mexicans and the ancient workings of the Spaniards, ran directly up the hill to meet the contact. But it was against the face of the big ridge itself that Kruger had driven his drift and exploded his giant blast of dynamite, and the whole slope had been altered and covered with a slide of rock.

Against this slide, in the days when they were marking time, Bud and his partner had directed their energies, throwing the loose stones aside, building up walls against the slip, and clearing the way to the solid schist. There, somewhere beneath the jumble of powder-riven rock, lay the ledge which, if they found it, would make them rich; and now with single-jack and drill, they attacked the last huge fragments, blasting them into pieces and groveling deeper until they could strike the contact, where the schist and porphyry met and the gold spray had spewed up between.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YEARS HAD LEFT THEIR MARK

Great Artist's Model for Divine Face Served Later in Depiction of That of Judas.

On the wall of an old monastery in Milan hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. It is said that this artist, in painting the faces of the apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When he was ready to paint the face of Christ he could find none that would satisfy his conception. After years of careful search, says the Strand Magazine, the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bardinelli, a choir-boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the divine face.

All was done carefully and reverently, but the picture was yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter set about in search of a countenance. Years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said:

"You have painted me before."

With amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bardinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, and fallen into shameful dissipation and crime.

Old Memories. Representative Simeon D. Fess of Ohio met an old friend in Washington the other day and they fell to discussing the ravages of time, especially in regard to loss of hair.

"Yes, I have a great prejudice against being bald," remarked Fess' friend, "but I guess I'm elected."

"Well, you know the old story about the big fly and the little fly," said Fess. "The big fly and the little fly were promenading across an expansive bald head, and the big fly remarked to the little fly: 'See this fine, wide boulevard here? I can remember when it was nothing but a narrow cowpath.'"

Nature as Sculptor. A really remarkable natural curiosity is the tree known as the "Black Boy," near Tallangatta, Victoria.

It gained its name from the curious formation assumed by a portion of the trunk in its process of decay, the likeness to a boy about to make a leap being extraordinary. Owing to its elevated position, this "statue" stands out in quite a startling manner.

SEIZE MISBRANDED OATS

Inspectors For Federal Department of Agriculture Are Actively at Work in Columbia.

Columbia.—Lewis Marks, pure food inspector of the United States department of agriculture recently seized 900 bushels of "misbranded oats" offered for sale in the Columbia market. The seizure was made after an investigation and upon the testimony furnished by inspectors of the state department of agriculture. It was said grain companies continued to violate the state and federal laws by offering impure products.

"The federal law is to be applied in every case," said Commissioner Watson.

During the past several weeks there have been heavy shipments of so-called oats, according to Commissioner Watson, into South Carolina. These shipments contain a portion of pure oats, mixed with wild barley, wheat and weeds. Under the federal law all shipments containing more than 5 per cent foreign matter must be properly branded. Shipments with more than 5 per cent foreign substance must be registered with the state department of agriculture as feedstuffs. There is a tax on the shipments. The interior shipments have been made in sacks of standard size and all shipments have been warned that seizures would follow, if they continued to disregard the state feedstuffs law.

Several cases were recently made by the department for "misbranding" oats. Last week inspectors of the state department of agriculture held up 900 bushels in Columbia and after examination the stuff was seized. The lot seized contained 42.5 per cent of foreign matter.

Plan Baby Show For Fair.

Columbia.—The number of fires and amount of insurance losses reported to F. H. McMaster, insurance commissioner, by the insurance companies as having occurred previous to or during the month of June total 203 fires, with an insurance loss of \$85,043.44. This brings the total number of fires for the year 1914 up to 1,236, with a gross insurance loss of \$609,039.98. In the first six months of 1913 there were 955 fires with an insurance loss of \$1,200,716.39.

Thirty-one of the 203 fires in June were caused by lightning, which ranks first in the known causes of fires. Sparks on the roof and carelessness were together responsible for 49 fires causing a property loss of about \$17,000. Defective electric wiring, however, with only three fires caused the largest insurance loss from any one cause.

Fires from preventable causes during the month of June resulted in 25 per cent of the losses, and fire labeled suspicious or incendiary made up 13 per cent of the total, which is a larger percentage than is usually credited to this class. Unpreventable fires caused an insurance loss of \$38,075.60, which is approximately 44 per cent of the total losses. Fire from unknown causes makes up the remaining 12 per cent.

Fire Loss Shows Decrease.

Columbia.—At the suggestion of Miss Mary E. Frayser of Winthrop Normal and Industrial College and an expert in the extension work carried on by that college and the United States department of agriculture, E. J. Watson, commissioner of agriculture, will take up with the management of the state fair the advisability of holding a baby contest during the fair. As planned the contest is to be solely for educational purposes and in addition to the advice given for the better care of babies there will also be a special exhibit of analyses of baby food.

In the letter of Miss Frayser to Mr. Watson she states that the main object is to give advice to the mothers with reference to the care and feeding of babies. She points out the success, which marked a similar movement carried on in Iowa in 1911. The contest will be a state movement and will supplement the work of localities which for some time have been holding similar contests. The printed score cards of the Woman's Home Companion will be used.

"I request that any person," said Mr. Watson, "who has grains of any kinds of specimens of peaches, tomatoes and the like, send them to me by express, collect. The grain should be in sheaf and from two to six bundles. Not less than half a crate of fruit should be shipped."

Bennettsville Makes Improvements.

Bennettsville.—Bennettsville has completed two and one-half miles of cement sidewalks, having built more permanent work in the past two months than in the entire history of the city. Almost two miles were laid in the street leading from the business district to both the Coast Line and Bennettsville & Cheraw railroad depots. These sidewalks, outside the business section, are five feet wide and were put down to grades established by a competent engineer. A spirit of improvement is growing fast.

Sumter Crops Fine.

Sumter.—In the cotton world August makes or breaks and August is yet to come; but today the crops of Sumter county are certainly in fine shape. Cotton looks splendidly and corn, which did not promise so well earlier in the season, now shows up well. The farmers are all smiles and are cheerful; but the town people have visions of such prosperous country folk, that they won't other to bring in wood, poultry or pork, and so the cost of high living will probably take another advance.

Engineer Misread Watch.

Columbia.—The death of J. M. Eastery recently at Royster's station was found to be accidental by the coroner's jury, which heard testimony relating to the wreck that resulted in the engineer's death. R. L. Kirby, engineer on engine No. 701 into which the passenger train ran, was exonerated of all blame. It was brought out that he had made a mistake in reading his watch, thus estimating that he had 15 minutes in which to switch from the east end of the yard to the west.

S. C. EDITORS MEET

PRESS ASSOCIATION HOLDS INTERESTING MEETING AT CHICK SPRINGS.

LARGE NUMBER ATTENDED

Choose Same Meeting Place For 1915 Session and Re-elect All Old Officers For New Term.

Chick Springs.—The 42nd annual meeting of the South Carolina Press Association was called to order Monday, July 6th, at Chick Springs, S. C., by President Ed. H. DeCamp, of the Gaffney, S. C., Ledger.

Over one hundred editors and members of their families attended the meeting, which lasted four days.